## AN ADVENTURE IN PEKIN ERREGERAL REPRESENTATION IN LEKIN

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It was a hot, sultry day, even for Pekin. 000 people, its innumerable walls and gardens, its straggling canals and tortuous streets, its fifth, and its picturesqueness was sweltering under the burning rays of an Oriental sun in midsummer. Over the great level plain hovered a haze of superheated atmosphere, which, hanging op-pressively in the listless air, sapped the last vestige of energy from the pig-tailed

With such conditions thoughts of physical exertion were even more than ordinarity distasteful, and, although it had been with a definite enough purpose that we had left the building of the United States Legation, we presently found our-selves, I and my companion, the attache, lounging idly inside the restaurant Hang-Heong, where we ensconced ourselves in a private apartment and sipped saki. Under the soothing influence of this bitter but effective product of Eastern civilization we revived somewhat. The disquieting babel of voices from the stret was soft-ned by the intervening walls, and as the grave Oriental waiters received and exe-cuted our orders with silent and decorous solemnity our existence became distinctly

"There is certainly something strange about Yang Ki's conduct," I broke in at length, when we had recovered sufficiently to permit other topics than the heat to occupy our thoughts. "He has become quite a puzzle of late. Do you think he is holding off for more money? We cannot bankrupt ourselves on one mandarin, with all those other chaps to be attended to

"I cannot quite make it out," replied the attache, whose name was Ibbotson. "Ki went into the project with sufficient enthuslasm, but he is acting very queerly of late. No, it can't be more money, for he knows you have already paid more than is customary for the preliminary palm greasing. This concession business is an old story in Pekin now, and the price of a mandarin is pretty well established. The \$3,000 you have paid Ki is \$500 more than he had any right to expect, and the promissory note for \$25,000 when the deal is completed is a preity tidy bribe, even in

Ibbotson took another sip of saki, and called a waiter to bring some clgars. He picked out a strong one, lighted it from the taper which the olive-eyed purveyor handed him, and puffed at it for a moment

"I think," he resumed, "that KI must have another iron in the fire. I have watched him closely, and I believe that he

watered him closely, and I believe that he is negotiating with some other party on very similar business to ours."

"That seems hardly likely," I rejoined, "Who else could have the same motives for building a railroad from Yang-Kok to Quong-Ching? It's a political move, and you know how secret it has been kept. It is not likely two Governments should con-

ceive the same project at the same time." "No," replied libbotson, "the motives may not be the same, and the lines of road may not coincide exactly. But different motives might lead to the selection of very similar routes. It may be a Government affair, or it may be a private capitalist who is after it, or an adventurous company promoter with no capital

Having no better theory to advance, I admitted that that might be the trouble. It was just a mouth since I had come to live!"

Pekin as the confidential agent of the 1 it must have been something like three of securing a concession for the construc- upon the ground. Our efforts at intimida the Washington Administration sought to and had made no further outcry, acquire a predominating influence. As it "The palanquin was then allowed to redertaking that its political nature remain a ledge of rock, for the palka came down unsuspected all my negotiations had been with an unpleasant bump and tilted to enterprise. Only the United States Consul at Pekin was acquainted with its real purpose—he and the Attache Ibbotson, who, for his thorough acquaintance with Chinese customs and with the language the two handles by which it had been carwho, for his thorough acquaintance who chinese customs and with the language of the country, had been delegated to associately acquaintance who country, had been delegated to associately acquaintance who country had been delegated to associate who cou

There is but one way to secure soldow-sions in China; it is a beaten path followed by all concession hunters, wide but palka and fastened at the top. We were shuffled a few feet further, the box jerked shuffled a few feet further, the box jerked shuffled a few feet further, and launched There is but one way to secure conces-Tang Ki was one of the most influential violently in one direction, and launched mandarins at the Chinese court, and his suddenly over the edge of some abyss. We reputation for manipulating deals to a found ourselves sinking rapidly, and the successful Issue was as wide as his expansive cheek bones and extensive as his addressed ourselves, and bound that en- palka. terprising individual to our cause with bonds of many golden links. His retaining seemed to confront us, we threw the full fee being duly discharged, we further enlisted his sympathetic interest by the issue of a promissory note in the sum of \$25,000, payable on the final ratification by the Chinese Government of the terms of the concession which we sought

For a time Yang Ki was all assiduity. His palace in the official quarter was open to our reception at all hours, and many a wide-famed mandarin had we met within its spacious drawing rooms. But ever it was into which we had been low of a sudden a growing coolness came up-on Yang Ki. Invitations to visit him grew fewer and fewer, till they stopped altogether; appointments deliberately made were as deliberately broken; our introductions to other mandarins ceased. were assured that our matter was receiving all due attention. There were formal-liles to be observed and difficulties to be surmounted, and time and patience were necessary. With these explanations we were forced to be content, though I chafed at the delay, and Ibbotson said was something the matter with Yang hi.

It grows dark early in Pekin. When Ibbotson and I left the Hang-Heong the myriads of hanging lanterns in the streets ere performing their necturnal duty of making the darkness barely visible. From occasional shop windows there came in-termittent gleams which shot their narrow effulgence out over the darksome hand, the fitful glimmer of which revealpavement. They were at considerable dis- ed the features of our captors but impertances spart, and chiefly from the cating feetly, and lit up only a small circle about booths. These were liberally patronized. Hungry crowds thronged them. Over the little brick or iron stoves caldrons of oil were seething and bubbling, where were being fried quantities of crabs, sausages, which I by no means feit. "If it is ranfritters, in the forms of cakes and balls.

or thin fluted fans and lattice work. Ibbotson and I walked on nimicssly stopping now and then to watch the per formers in the booths. It was somewhat cooler now, though still close and oppres-The street on which we were led from one gate to another in the Chinese city and without the Tartar City. were not far from the wall of the latter, and, the evening being yet early, libbot son suggested a ride on the electric railway, which in Pekin runs outside the city

Four men bearing an empty palanquin were conveniently near, and Ibbotson hailed them. They had been walking only n short distance behind us, on the oppo site side of the street, ever since we had left the Hang-Heong. A few minutes later we were scated on the comfortable cushions of the palka, and, borne by its stalwart carriers, were proceeding at a good pace toward the gate.

As we neared the confines of the city the crowds on the street became less and less dense, till finally but an occasional pig-tailed pedestrian was to be seen. In the four chinese guards. A candle had been lighted by one of the latter, and its light gave us a more intisite side of the street, ever since we had

These were mostly traveling in one direction, back into the city from which we had come. They were bound for the eating booths or the opium dens.

Through the half-raised blinds of the pal'ta, however, I had noted one individual who tramped steadily in the same di ection with ourselves. He was a big. all Chinaman, though the details of his features and dress I could not distinguish in the prevailing darkness. He walked a little to the rear, and seeming ly with some set purpose, though he nev r looked about nor behind him, steadily ahead. There was nothing in his

demeanor to arouse suspicion, and but that he was almost the only traveler in our direction I should probably not have oticed him. I pointed the man out to Ibbotson, but be saw nothing worthy of

The street was now entirely deserted, save for the single lone Chinaman, our-selves, and the four hammals who bere our palanquin. All at once the latter stopped. Not a word had been spoken, yet the action was simultaneous and done as in obedience to some mysterious au-thoritative command. Scarcely had the palka rested when the big Chinaman who had attracted my attention crossed over and came forward, placing his hand on the edge of the carriage as though with the purpose of addressing us. The next instant four hidden blinds of solid wood lropped as if operated by a secret spring and closed us in on all sides.

"As you value your lives keep quiet!" dissed the Chinaman in subdued but distinct tones, as the blinds fell and w ound ourselves in utter darkness.

Immediately the paika began to move forward, and we could tell by the sounds of words which reached us indistinctly through the blinds that the strange Chinaman was giving orders to our carriers I imagined that I also heard a whispercolloquy in a tongue that was European rather than Chinese, but of this I was no

So taken by surprise were libbotson and myself, and with such despatch had the whole affair been conducted, that the paika had already proceeded some yards on its way before we collected ourselves sufficiently to take in the situation Ibbotson sprang to his feet and hammered violently upon the shutters.
"Stop!" he cried, "or I'll shoot!" At the

ime time he drew a revolver and cocked it loudly, as though the sound of the trigger, which none but ourselves heard, lent mphasis to the threat.

But the palanquin did not stop, and

though I added my voice to his and tore iolently at the shutters, no attention was paid to us.

"I'll shoot!" shouted lbbotson again.
"Hait!" I cried in turn. "Let us out!" But the four carriers continued on, with helr steady, swinging gait, and only muttered monesyllable from their leader answered our outcries.
We tore frantically at the doors which

enclosed us, but they were firm and would not yield. Ibbotsen fired his revolver at haphazard through the wooden frame The report nearly deafened us in the conflued space, and the smoke almost suffer cated us. The palka did not stop. Some one smote on it warningly from without and again came the voice of the big Chi naman: "Keep quiet, If you wish to

Government of the United States, charged hours afterward when the palka bearers with the delicate and important mission stopped and we were set unceremoniously tion of a railroad in a portion of the de-tions of his Celestial Majesty where resigned ourselves to await developments,

was essential to the success of the un- for some moments. We were evidently on After a few sec

and again we were carried a few yards A rope was passed around the box of the creaking overhead told us that we were being let down by a rope, fastened to the Beying queue To Yang Ki accordingly we one which had been bound around the

Desperate at the situation which now sides of our prison. But whatever im-pression our united energies might have made on the unsupported partitions, the rope which now bound them together served to retain the palka intact.

Our descent seemed to last an age, though in reality it probably occupied not more than a full minute, when we came to an abrupt stop at the bottom of what ered. The palka rested easily enough where it landed, and we could discern by the creaking of another rope that we were not the only ones who were being let down. A moment later a second bucket bumped up against us, and the men in-side clambered out. The rope which had bound us was unfastened, the shutter shot back into their mysterious recess, and we were able to look about.

That which met our view was not in spiriting. In the darkness we could make out only the indistinct sides of what appeared to be the shaft of an old mine. We were on a ledge, in front of which a drift, or tunnel, of uncertain length d appeared into the side. Below us the pit entinged in a slanting direction, and was filled with water almost to where we

Four Chinamen stood guard about us while a fifth, the tall Manchu who had addressed us, held a dark lantern in one

us. "Why have you brought us here?" demanded, stepping forward and speaking with a degree of assumed assurance som you want take us back to Pekin, for not a tack will you get here?" "Follow me," said the Chinaman, sim-

Then, as we still showed a disposition to rebel, he added: "You'd better come and keep quiet. There are three men more up at the top who will shoot you down like dogs if you try to escape Give me your revolvers; it will be safer. We followed our captor in silence into the tunnel. The walls were dry and the atmosphere not unpleasantly cool. An oc casional but whirred its erratic flight around the lantern.

When we had proceeded 100 feet or the drift narrowed suddenly to an end.

mate survey of our surroundings. eds seemed comfortable enough. there were soap and towels. Apparently we were not to be executed yet. Sitting on the couch, we talked the situation over. Then we talked to the Chinamen I in English and Ibbotson in Chinese. But they gave no indication of under standing. After some hours we lay down, though without divesting ourselves of anything but our top coats. It must have been well past midnight, and, despite our uncertain situation, we both succumbed to an intermittent and trouled sleep, during the course of which visions born of the disquieting occurrences of the day-of pits, robberies, kidnaprapid phantasmagoria through our tur-

On the outskirts of Pekin at the present day are the abandoned shafts and tunnels of many old coal mines, which, sunk to the limit of the primitive appliances in use among the Chinese, have been deserted for more distant workings nearer the sur-face. Not in all the world are there richer coal deposits than those in Northern Chibut the antipatay of the Celestial mind in employment of modern machinery has caused these to be but poorly worked, and mine after mine has been abandoned as soon as a certain inconvenient depth

Thick as the burrowings of moles in an oat field these old coal fields dot the country to the north of Pekin, while past them in a continuous stream lolters an endless ion of camels loaded with sacks of coal mined from the newer-sunken pits

hundreds of miles away. It was in one of these descried workings that Ibbotson and myself now found ourselves lodged. Who our captors were, what was the secret of our captivity, and what the fate that awaited us, we were as ignorant of at the end of six long tedious days as we had been when we were first made prisoners Innumerable fancies occurred to us as possible explanations, only to be in turn dismissed as visionary. Ibbotson's suspicion that the mandarin Yang Ki was playing us false occurred to me, and once the thought flashed over me that we were the victims of some plot of our imagined rivals. But this was only one in a thousand Seeting fancies that came to us during the long hours' of our

We were sitting and semoking, with a resignation which time brings in the most desperate of situations, on the forenoon of the last day of our first completed week of capitivity, when Fbootson straightened himself on his seat and slapped his knee with an emphalsis to

which we had both grown strangers. "By the gods, old man," he cried, "why didn't we think of it before. Why, we can make away with these Chinamen as easily as rolling off a log-or rolling into a pit. See the point? We'll roll them into the Poor Ibbotson, I thought. He was evi-

He Might Escape.

(From Puck.)

O wad some power the giffles gie us

To see some folks before they see us.

(From the Ohio State Journal.)

Diggs-There go a newly married couple.
Daggs-How do you know?
Diggs-I saw him give her a \$5 bill to be
one checolates with.

Going Away.

(From the Chicago Record-Harald.)
"Gracious goodness, Harriet—seven trunks."
"Don't get excited, Harry. I haven't packething except that little list of 'Home Comfortor the Summer Vacation' which you clipped of the newspaper."

Naturally.

(From Tit-Bits.)

"What is a fort?" asked the teacher.
"A place to put men in," was the answer.
"What is a fortess, then?"
The answer was prompt: "A place to put

Love Finds the Way.

(From Life.)

Laura-Her father east her off without a penny
then she married without his consent.

Claire-How did they manage?

'Oh, they published two volumes of their love

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Dentist (to patient from Wayback)—Did you ver take gas before?

Patient—Looky here, smarty? Thet joke's gone renough. You bin talkin' to thet fresh hote lerk, sin't yo?

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

First Barefoot Boy-Come, let's break some of the glass windows in this house! The people have gone away for the sammer. Second Barefoot Boy-Naw, let's break 'em in the house across the street. There's somebody living there.

(From the Boston Globe.)

(From the Beston Globe.)

"How is your boy getting along at school?"

"Splendidly—splendidly! I tell you, my friend, this boy of mine will make his way in the world, don't you fear. During the time he's been going to school they have had thirty-two examinations, and he's managed to dodge every one of 'em!"

(From the Philadelphia Press.)
"Oh, mat" cried the little mosquite, "brother's

ast too mean for anything."
"What's the matter?" enquired the mamma

His Query.

(From Town and Country.)

ingt, Lucie. I thought I saw another man run-ning off with you.

Mrs. Lucie Kennard-Well, and what did you ay to him?

Not Vin His Route.

(From Tit-Bits.)

He Had a Pull.

"Yes, stranger, over yonder is th' very apor here Buckskin Pete passed in his last checks, great man, stranger. There wasn't nothing ound these diggins that Pete couldn't have for a asking." (From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"He must have had a remarkable pull."
"He must have had a remarkable pull."
"Thet's it, You've hit it. He had th' quick-set pull of any feller thet ever came over thinge. Dermed et he didn't seem to pull an' shoot at the very same time. Poor of Pete."

(From the Chicago News.)

"What are the first teeth called!" asked the teacher of the juvenile class.
"Mil kteeth," answered the class in chorus.
"Correct. Now who can tell me what the last teeth are called!"
After a prolonged silence a little fellow raised his hand as if struck by a sudden inspiration.
"Well, Albert," said the teacher, noticing the uplifted hand, "you may answer."
"False teeth," proudly responded the youthful observer.

He Had It.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"You can't come in without the paseword," said
the deorkeeper of Gory Gulch Lodge, No. 52, Ancient Order of High Jerkers, in session on the
floor above the saloon.

"Rats!" contemptuously exclaimed "amanche
Pete, thrusting the muzzle of his revolver through
the small opening in the door.

"That's right," tremblingly answered the vigilant guardian of the outer door, throwing it wide
open.

Rennard-I had a very strange dream last Lucie. I thought I saw another man run-

matd-I asked him what he was rus

Chinamen into the plt, and we with nothing but our bare hands to do it! I smiled pityingly and talked of the probable kind of weather outside.

"But, look here, I'm not joking," cried lbbotson, excitedly, returning to his idea. "I mean it. It can be done, and we'll do it. We'll get the guards out to the mouth of the shaft; that'll be easy, I think; then we'll seize them quickly when they are not expecting it, and hur! them over into the pit full of water."

It began to seem more feasible as 18bot-

son explained it, and the balance of the tails. In our occasional strolls to the mouth of our cavern prison, in which we were in nowise interrupted by our guards, we scrutinized with particular clo detail of the ground. We decided that the late afternoon, at the hour when the Chinamen would be engaged in the preparation of the evening meal and when the coast outside was most likely to be clear, should see the putting to the test of our enterprise. In the meantime we were careful to not arouse the suspicions of our custodians.

It was a few minutes past 2-our watches had not been taken from uswhen, in accordance with our prearranged programme, Ibbotson arose from the ed where we had both been seated smoking, stretched himself in a seemingly lazy way, and sauntered in a fashion calculat ed to appear altogether aimless, out to-ward the shaft. As usual the guards paid but scant attention to him. All four were seated together around a small box which served them as a table, muttering an unintelligible conversation in a low tone.

With little notice on either side, Ibbot son strolled past them, and continued his course to the mouth of the pit. There he sat down for a minute or two and smoked in a listless sort of manner, beating a slow tattoo with his feet, as though smoking and marking time were the only things in the world he was thinking

ing forward, he peered eagerly out across the pit and downward into the black sheet of water which filled it. Suddenly an exclamation of surprise escaped him Turning around, he called to me and beck oned rapidly with his hand, then immediately returned his gaze to the object which had so startled his attention.

At Ibbotson's call I sprang to my feet and ran forward. Our guards, as I passed, rose also, curious to know the cause of the commotion. In front of us stood lb-botson, riveted as by enchantment to the spot, holding out his arm and pointing excitedly in front of him.

The four Chinamen and myself reached the ledge almost together. So evident had imperturbable as it was their nature to be, had run forward with haste but littie short of my own, even leaving, all but Russian representative have I since ex-

CURRENT HUMOR

How He Lost Her.

(From the Baltimore American.)
A silly young fellow in Gloucester
Made love to a lady named Foucester;
No soda he'd buy.
So the maid said, "Oh, muy!"
And shook him, and that's how he loucest her.

A Personal Interest.

(Prom Ally Sloper.)
Tired Tommy—Are ye interested in these 'ere chainless bicycles, Sam?
Slow Sam—No, the chainless dog is the only thing that worries me.

Hard-Hearted.

(From the New York Times.)

"Do you see that prosperous-looking fellow over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, for twenty years that chap has taken his living out of the very mouths of other people."

For Services Rendered.

(From Puck.)

Warwick-Now, on what basis do the Powers section the indemnity Clana is to pay each of

Loyalty.

(From the Troy Times.)

"Talking about the college spirit," said the first fair co-ed, "Sophie Moore carries it to the

The Degenerate Lamp.

(From the Boston Journal.)

Have another sweet patoto? Said Plato unto Aristotle, Thank you, I prefer the bottle?

Just the Thing.

(From the Chicago News.)
"I thought to spend a week in cump with a cirty of congential spirits," said the fat man in the linen suit, as he entered the bookstore, and I want a good book to take along—some-line appropriate, you know.
"Yes, sir," replied the knowing clerk, "we are just what you want in exceedables.

Have You Rend Them?

(From Harper's Bazar.)

fers to the newspapers, and now he's too busy do anything else.

Where the Profit Lies.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

'Look at the stuff that goes to waste in the rocery business,' said the founger in the store, and think of the small margin on most of the coods. Where does the praft come in?'

The profit, "said the impatient man with the asket on his arm, "comes from having only one lerk to wait on thirty-six customers."

Limits.

Maud-Your fiance called on me last night.
Mabel-Indeed!

Mand-Yes; guess shat he said to me.
Mand-Yes; guess shat he said to me.
Mand-He said: "I wish I dared to kiss

ou. Mabel (confidentially)—But he didn't do it. Mand—How do you know? Mabel (sweetly)—There are limits even to hero

The Dangers of Rest.

The Dangers of Rest.

(From Scribner's Magazine.)

Aunt Anne's "before the war" mistress must have been a woman of iron constitution, to judge by the way she regards with contempt my own physical limitations.

Tuesday she held me sternly to the duty of overhauling the pantry and its appurtenances. Wednesday, stiff and sore, I cought again and again the solace of the soft, only to be aroused by callers whom I could not refuse to see. In the afternoon I lay down once more, and, in no very amintle temper, told Aunt Anne that no matter who called, I was not to be disturbed.

A fittle later, through the open window, I heard ber say to our clergyman: "No, sir; Miss Carryline ain't feelin' like serin' nobody this evenn'. She exarted herse't so much this morn.

(From Town and Country.)

'How's that?"

Just how it all happened I never knew, save in a dim and indistinct way like a dream, and Ibbotson confessed to a simi-lar experience. I only remember a brief but flerce struggle, and then four China-men were struggling in the water below

us, while Ibbotson and I held two guns pointed threateningly in their direction. The next that I recall, an excited conversation in Chinese was in progress between Ibbotson and one of the Celestials who had managed to pull himself up on protruding ledge of rock on the far side of the pit. The douche of cold water had worked a miracle in the Chinaman's lin guistic accomplishments.

Ibbotson and the Chinaman talked a each other for fully ten minutes. It seemed cruelty on Ibbotson's part to keer the four of them shivering in the water when they might have been shot and warm. But, it was Ibbotson's affair from the first, and I did not interfere. What transpired during the intercour-

Ibbotson translated to me while we allowed the Chinamen to scramble out as best they could. The latter, it appeared, had been hired by an agent of the Russion Government, who had secretly learn ed the object of our mission in Pekin and, on the assumption that what wa worth any other nation's while was worth that of Russia, had determined to secure for his own Government the conession which we were seeking. In pur suance of this end he had had us spirit ed away, and was now buslly prosecuting his designs with a clear field.

Our course was quickly decided upon We experienced little difficulty in persuad ing our captive Chinamen to accompany us to Pekin to serve as witnesses to the plot of which he had been the victims. There we lost no time in lodging a forma complaint with the United States Minister against the action of the Russian agent.

What cablegrams, in the Government cipher code, passed between Pekin and Washington, and later between Pekin and St. Petersburg, we never knew and never cared to knew. It was sufficient for us that the concession which we had been endeavoring to secure was duly granted, and within a remarkably short time aft-erward. We found Yang Ki wonderfully changed in his demeanor when we called upon him the next afternoon, and from eing evasive and cool he manifested the most ardent interest in furthering our ne gotiations to a successful issue.

My mission to Pekin being thus accom plished, I engaged passage on the first steamer home, carrying with me the im-perial warrant to construct a railroad from Yang-Kok to Quong-Ching. Since then I have been engaged in many important missions in China, but none have been Ibbotson's astonishment at what he partaken of the adventurous nature of my seemed to see in the darksome waters of the pit, that our guards, phiegmatic and ings I have not failed to call upon my friend, Yang Ki, and from neither that suave and potent official nor from any Poor Ibbotson, I thought. He was evidently going. The seven days' strain had been too much for him. Roll four armed laid them beside the fire.

On the Proceeds.

(From the Ohio State Journal.) New Preacher—Is your father at home, Willie? Willie—Yessir, paw an' Mr. Chips are up-stairs playin' with th' hitty. (From the Brooklyn Eagle.) Westervelt-I see you got a good price for your last picture. What are you going to paint next. Van Dyke-My nose.

(From the Boston Register.)
"The boy's name is Maurice," the fond mother explained to the listening visitor, "but we call him Moss."

I suppose that is because you have a lichen for him," said the visitor.

(From the Baltimore American.) First College Professor—What are you going to do next to get your name in the papers? Second College Professor—I was thinking o declaring that the dictionary is too wordy to b considered good literature.

(From the Boston Glebe.) Master-When was Rome built? Boy-In the night, sir. Master-How do you make that out? Boy-Well, everybody says frome wasn't built

Awful!

(From Brooklyn Life.) Finnigan—Oi ace that little affair in South iffriky is costin' ingland about wan million del-ars a day. Flannigan—But jisht think phwat it would cost

Not Ifim. (From Tit-Bits.)

Patient—Doctor, would you mind stopping at the chemist's and paying for this prescription? I'm short of change, Doctor (hurriedly writing another prescription)—Excuse me. I made a mistake. You don't need thy herve medicine.

"You don't say so," remarked the other.
"Yes, she won't sat anything but strawberry and vanilla when she treated to recernin, because red and white are the college colors." (From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "No, we couldn't have our usual ride on Sun-day, and we were so disappointed."
"What was the trouble?"
"Why our horse got loose in the night and ate up his best homes."

"I suppose you have heard about the parlor lamp," remarked the umbrella stand. "You know how it used to sanske. Well, Miss Flo has turned it down for that since Mr. Higgard be-A Happy Family. in calling.
"From had to worse," replied the hat rack
After awhile it will be going out nights." (From the Ohio State Journal.) Mr. Frontpew-I am glad you belong to ou church choir, my dear; it is such an orderly or ganization; I never see you whispering to on From Harvard. Frontpew-No; none of us are on speaking (From Lippincott's Magazine.) A son of the Crimson is responsible for the A soliowing lines: "Said Aristotle unto Plate, "Said Aristotle unto Plate,

Getting Even.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "He said he'd rather go to jail than pay hi 'Yes, she said she'd rather see him save his coney behind the bars than spend it over them."

(From the Philadelphia North American.)
"That's right, James," said the teacher, during
a natural history lesson, "and how do you

Hard Luck.

(From the Baltimore American.) Nobb-Yes. His wife conceived the happy dea of getting him into the habit of writing

> (From the Boston Transcript.)
>
> Re-You appear to be alarmingly ignorant in orticulture. Fm afraid you hardly know one She-Guess you're about right. Not even graham from white.

> > He Felt It.

(From the Philadelphia Record.) "How much are you getting for that?" he asked of the man who was mowing the lawn.
"Nothing," replied the man.
"Then you're a fool."
"I know it, but as I own this place and can't get away from it I've been a fool a long while."

(From the Philadelphia Press.) "Hello": exclaimed the egg that was still in-et, "you appear to be all broke up." "Nevertheless," replied the one in the bowl engaging, "Tm in good spirits." "So I observe. I suppose you'll be drunk in little white."

> Just the Man (From Truth.)

Editor (of yellow journal)—If you are an Eng-shman I am afraid that you may not be fitted

A Strong Resemblance.

(From Judge.)
Teacher—Can any of you tell me what Americans the people of our new Filipino possessions most resemble?
Johnny—Kentuckians.
Teacher—In what respect?
Johnny—Both have dry and wet seasons.

grief in young eyes.

This is not natural. If I could only ake her cry!" thought Dr. Ross.

It was not natural, as he said. And yet there was another side to the question. Such an annoyance as, passing, vexes us, makes children weep: and, though the care that writes itself on our foreheads is to them unknown, yet the sudden blow that strikes a man once or twice in his history, swaying him as a tree that in the rush of the storm bends and groans and flings out protesting arms and mur-murs with a thousand voices—this sudden sorrow in a child is an agony thrusting an unwelcome presence into a kingdom where it is least to be desired, and from

which it is always soon dismissed.

Dr. Ress said to himself, "Perhaps 1 had better leave her now, poor, poor little thing!"

He moved toward the door. The lonely inmate of the room did not notice that he was leaving her. She sat before a morsel of fire—a quaint little figure that had known twelve years of living, three with out mother, five without father, and the rest with a sister—"tail, grown-up," who had been mother and father and every-thing else that is good and brave. And now the sister was gone, and the child

"Good-by," said the doctor. He was not answered because he was not heard. He closed the door softly, saying to himself that he would come to see her again on the morrow. He de-scended the shabby staircase, to which a few remnants of cheapest oilcloth still clung. The landlady's children were playing "touch wood," screaming vociferous-ly as they rushed from landing to landing. A woman's tired voice urged them to be quiet.

"Why, by no means, ma'am," rang out doctor's cheerful voice; "let them

play, it will rouse her."
"Ah, poor thing! How is she doctor?" "Quiet, much too quiet. It is extraordinary in a child of her years." "Is anything settled as to what is to

"I fear not. She seems quite friend-

"You don't say so, sir? Friendless! Dear, dear!" Long after Dr. Ross had left the house that word "friendless" insistently remained with him. Suddenly it introduced to him another word-a name. He paused in his walk, for the idea that had com

At no great distance from the house which Dr. Ross had just quitted lived Gideon Beth, scholar and recluse. It may be as well to say at once that the doctor intended to visit this man, whom he knew, that he might enlist his sympathies on behalf of a child's sad heart. But what is there startling in this? Has Gideon no sympathy? Is he poor and old and crabbed and crotchety? Is he one of those singular beings who stop their ears when children play, and speak of "brats," "pests," "little nulsances?" No, Gideon hardly comes under these headings. The truth is that Gideon Beth had been friendless from his youth up, and resting on his own strong character,

such a one judgment is easily passed, yet there is no instance in which it might

with more wisdom be withheld. Then an unkind fate buffeted him considerably. He bore it all in affence and Gldeon; but the soul within him grew hard as steel. He forget nothing. It was a great pity, for he had an ex-

cellent nature; but the best of natures will not bear shutting up. An assump tion of inciturnity developed into taci turnity. He put on the pessimist's spec tacles, and saw nothing but life's little ironics. And then one day it was all shattered, and Gideon became a new man with living fire within 'im. He loved a

This was his great chance. He told himself that where love is life is, after all, a priceless thing. And Gideon loved with all the strength of heart and mind He even dared to hope, in spite of his inveterate shyness. It was as if some spirit had troubled him as Bethesda's cool was troubled in old time. But when he would have stepped down someone had been before him. His love returned into his own bosom. It was terrible; but the strength of the man closed over his or wince, but he turned a deathly eye heavenward. Destiny might break, it

should never bend, him, After this, Gideon Beth shut himself up with his books. Fifteen years passed and carried him beyond the prime of life, and made of him a tall, spare man with a slight stoop, a drooping waite mustache, and a clear eye. Fifteen years spent with the thoughts of other men had not changed his individuality to any extent. The face was a little more comgood in its sternness, that was all. When Dr. Ross entered the room Gla-con was buried in a deep wicker chair, with a reading lamp placed behind his right shoulder, and books everywhere. He now turned to look at his visitor. The doctor was one of the few men with mer did not hold the privilege lightly. 'Sit down," said Gideon, closing book over his thumb and pointing it at a

The doctor thanked him geniully though inwardly troubled as to the best method of opening the subject upon which he had called. "That's a fat book on are reading," said he. "Ah ! Fairy Queen' or 'Philosophy'?"

"I do not read poetry."
"Then I conclude it's the philosopher. do read poetry; and very sad some of "You waste your time."

The doctor smiled. "There was a man named Longfellow—" "Quite so; we all read him when we tre young.

-who has made for himself a place n a thousand hearts. But when I said read poetry I was not speaking so much printed words. Be patient with me for five minutes. I have been studying the opening chapters of a child's life. She is

The doctor was a soft-hearted man; he | life, but I failed. The child is now friend-

OF NATURE"

less."
Gideon Beth's eyes flashed suddenly, and he brought his clenched fist heavily down. "Alone is the world! And this many! Who cares? No-

"O mighty man!" said the doctor beneath his breath, as he heard these ex-clamations of a bitter spirit. And then he wondered who was the more friendless of the two—the child or the man. He con-cluded that it was not the child. And more than ever he pitied the solitary man who needed the love of some simple nature to expand and sweeten his own life.

Gideon's passion passed as quickly as it had risen. "Why do you tell me this?" he demanded. "Is this your poetry?" "I call it so. Some day we shall better understand its metre." Gideon shruggid his shoulders as he re-plied, "You have strange views. Tell me,

what is to be done about this girl?" It was with difficulty that the doctor ncealed his gratification at the question. A daring idea suggested itself to

"Come and see her." he said. The other thought for a moment. I don't know why I should," he said petulantly. 'It is late. After all, it is nothing to me.' "As you will," said Dr. Ross, rising. "Pardon me for suggesting it, only I am passing that way myself, and I thought

you might care to accompany me. It's a queer case. The child's loss seems to have numbed her mental faculties. However, good-night."
"Wait a moment. I will come."
"That is kind," said the doctor frank'y. Gideon glanced at him suspiciously, out said nothing. The two men passed out

into the dark street They reached their destination, were admitted, and together softly ascended the narrow, rickety stairs to the top landing. "This is the room," said the doctor, gent-ly turning the handle of the door. The child did not hear him. Save for the fire's lim glow the room was in darkness. The doctor was about to advance, but Gideon

laid a hand upon his shoulder, saying "Hush! The girl was speaking-after the habit of children-to one who was not there to listen. Every evening at this hour it had been her custom to read from a story book, while her sister worked with her needle. And now she held the book side-ways to the firelight and said in a choked,

stiffed votes "We left off at page 141, Minnie. It was the end of a chapter."

She stopped to look up at the vacant chair to which her words were apparently addressed. As she did so the book slipped from her lay to the floor. isn't there," she whispered to herself. "I thought I should see her sitting in her chair. I can't start the new chapter it Minnie im't with me; and the

choke me. She fumbled with a trembling hand at he collar of her black robe. The doctor thought then that the passion of weeping would break out uncontrollably, but he was disappointed. She picked up the fall-en book and placed it carefully upon a shelf with a few others. From these she abstracted a Bible. She stood a moment,

thinking.
"Would it be wicked, I wonder?" she and resting on his own strong character, had grown to view the world with an apathetic and dispassionate eye.

Deciding in favor of the scheme that The trouble began with a retiring dis-position, which is not given to any boy to cultivate. He lacked spontaneity, and to cultivate. He lacked spontaneity, and drove the point between the leaves of so was always at a disadvantage. On the volume. Opening it at the place thus indicated, she stabbed again with the pin

point and so marked a passage. Putting a finger upon the passage she and had chosen, the child carried it was firelight and read, in the words of the king, "Ask of me whatsoever thou

wilt, and I will give it thee." She jumped to her feet with a gasp of frightened astonishment. Apparently the words had for her more than a superficial significance, for she said, in a low, thrilling voice, "It is true then; I can ask I was afraid to, but-but I'm not frightened now a bit. I will ask God to send the Judgment Day, and to send it now, this very instant. It will be awfu but I shall see Minnie, and mother. An it must come; it is certain, positive! Perhaps I ought to go downstairs and tell Mrs. Jennings. But no, though I won't; she would only laugh. And there a thousands of other people; I cannot tell

"Did you hear her?" whispered Gideon

"Ah! Be careful." Gideon had taken a step into the room. The child, hearing nothing, wrapped in an assurance at once delicious, comforting, but appailing, now opened the window. The room being the highest in the building was nearest to the stars-an advantage happily not considered by landlords. Confused sounds floated upwards. The quiet heavens were covered with shining points, yellow and blue and gold and blood red. The fierce eye of the Bullflarsed conspicuously. It attracted the child's attention. She lifted her face and

She told how lonely she was, how she could not live without those who had gone. Innocence is familiar with God. She wanted to know what was the use of being alive when there was nobody in all the world whom she could love or be loved by. It seemed to her then that there was but one alternative-the end. On the threshold of her mighty request faltered, for the terror of her prayer had selezd her. An extraordinary sense tion was upon her. She feit that she was not alone in the room. Her face turned

white. Then she went on steadily Her voice sank to an awed whisper as word by word she unfolded her terrible petition. Her eyes were fixed above, fearful at any instant to see the levin rend the stars. "And O, good Father." said the child, "when I say 'Now,' then let it come, then let me hear the angels blowing with their trumpets all over the

She sank her head into her open hands, A few moments passed. Suddenly she raised her face, the dreadful instant had come; her lips parted.

"My child," said Gideon. He held her in his arms. Minnie's sister cried as if her heart would break. -I. J. Beeston, in Cassell's Magazine

A Snake Loaded With Dynamite. (From the Bridgeport Farmer.)

of printed words. Be patient with me for five minutes. I have been studying the opening chapters of a child's life. She is a little girl, age twelve. Five years ago she lost her father."

Gideon's father had not been quite worthy of the name, so to this remark he paid small attention.

"And two years later," continued Dr. Ross, "her mother."

Gideon Beth's face grew stern, as it always did when he judged Providence.

"The child was left aione with an elder sister. This sister was a piucky girl, and the wolf at the door didn't frighten her."

"Ah" said Gideon, who had fought that wolf himself. He remembered that in the day he had been more than equal to the combat. The wolf fights best at night.

"A week ago the sister was taken ill. I did all in my power to save so precious a

## ONE TOUCH The interpretation of the property of the prop had done his best to console, and had falled. He was a little troubled and anxious. It is always very sad to see old